

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1873.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
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CRYSTAL PALACE, This Day (SATURDAY), August 9, at Three, Special Performance (second time) of Balfe's Grand Opera, "SATANELIA; or, the Power of Love." Messrs. George Perren, H. Corri, E. Cotte, J. Tempest, G. Fox, Friend; Miss Annie Thirlwall, Miss Alice Barth, Mrs. Sharp, and Miss Blanche Cole. Full orchestra and chorus. Conductor, Mr. Manns. New scenery, dresses, and appointments. Numbered reserved stalls, Half-a-Crown; unnumbered reserved seats, One Shilling. Admission, Half-a-Crown, or by Guinea Season Ticket.

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and
His Royal Highness the Prince CHRISTIAN.

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The MICHAELMAS TERM will commence on MONDAY, the 22nd September, and will terminate on Saturday the 20th of December.

Candidates of admission can be examined at the Institution on THURSDAY, the 18th September, at eleven o'clock, and every following Thursday at the same hour.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.
Royal Academy of Music,
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HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL,

SEPTEMBER 9, 10, 11, and 12, 1873.

MORNING.

TUESDAY, "ELIJAH."
WEDNESDAY, "JEPHTHAH," and Rossini's "STABAT MATER."
THURSDAY, Sir F. Osagey's "HAGAR," Dr. Wesley's NEW WORK, and Spohr's "CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER," &c.
FRIDAY, "MESSIAH."

EVENING.

TUESDAY, CONCERT, SHIRE HALL.
WEDNESDAY, "ST. PAUL," CATHEDRAL.
THURSDAY, CONCERT, SHIRE HALL.
FRIDAY, CHAMBER CONCERT, SHIRE HALL.

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AN UNFRUITFUL SEASON.

Retrospection too often bringeth sorrow and mortification. Looking back when the day is waning, or the year expiring, or when the life is well-nigh spent, will assuredly cause the sigh to heave and the tear to flow. It is somewhat mournful to gaze upon the remnants of a feast when the lights are lowered; to sit and ponder in the empty room when death-like silence has quickly followed the merry noise of a cheerful crowd, and gloomy shadows fall where the gay throng so lately moved to and fro. London at the present hour is like to such a dull scene. The season is over, Fashion has fled, and all who hang upon the very hem of her garments are hastening away. The sumptuously furnished houses, the brilliant mansions, the busy clubs, and the princely palaces are void. The fashionable drives, the lounging parks, and the entire west of London are nearly as lonely as wilds or barren heaths. The opera houses and concert rooms are shut, and the mixed multitude of artists who there sang, piped, and danced, are scattered, and have hied away, as it were, upon the four winds of heaven. Now the critic, unswayed by the blinding glitter and the rush of fashion, can calmly survey the few past feverish months, and calculate up the abiding results and measure out the healthy fruits of the closed season. The occupation, it is feared, will be one of mortification. The art devotee will be shocked at the labour that has been spent in vain, at the fury which, to true art, has signified nothing; he will be astounded that the multitude of workers in the field should have produced such poor results, and that the many hundred thousands of pounds which have been paid them in hire should have brought to the art exchequer such scanty returns. Fashion, with her huge army of singers and players, has been as purposeless in her late campaign as

"The King of France who, with forty thousand men,
Went up a hill, and so came down again."

The musical rank and file have been wondrously busy; each morn at drill and each night in action; the leaders, *bâton* in hand, have been scorched up with zeal, and devoured with self-destroying energy, to carry out the beneficent and glorious plans conceived and promulgated by their *impresarios*, the Bismarcks and Moltkes of musical warfare. Still it is sad to say that, after all, we are as we were. Not one step in advance have we made in conquering the land of ignorance which closes us in on the right hand and on the left, and towards reaching that country of purer art beyond. We are not richer than we were, for has it not proved an unfruitful season?

"What," say the traffickers in art, "an unfruitful season! Nay, nay, our gains never were greater, nor our garner better filled with all manner of store." Lucky men are ye that own farms so abundantly yielding as those of Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Fortune's sun has certainly shone, and the fruitifying dews of patronage have fallen thereon: and did not the Shah shower prove extraordinarily refreshing and prolific? It would be a cheering sight to witness the Covent Squire viewing his stores piled in heaps in the "Garden," and to hear his chuckle of delight as he saw the season's products reared mountains high before him. The Patti lot will be as easily discerned as was Benjamin's mess, for would it not be greater far than any other? Yea, would it not rather hide from sight the sacks of some and the tiny heaps of many? The lot marked Albani would be also pleasant to the eye, as it is great to the promise. True the contralto gatherings could not be otherwise than small, but the outlay was proportionately little. The tenor groups would bear no comparison with former seasons, when Mario and Tamberlik were contributors; but the baritone yields would be respectable, the lots, Faure and Graziani, could not be but satisfactory, and the fresh sample, Maurel, rich in expectation. The gains by the *Bassi* are always insignificant, for the greater the cry the less the wool. In charity let there be taken then from the huge *prime donne* heaps of profit some trifles to put into the little baskets of the poor gentlemen whose voices are so heavy and their savings so light. With what admiration also would the worthy lessee of the "Garden" look upon the few trees (alas! how few) that have borne him from year to year such fruit. Perhaps he would hide from view the tree withered by engrafting. Poor *Crown Diamonds*, thou deservedst a better fate; the engrafted stock

was not worthy to be to thee a parasite, much less to become a branch of thy branch. No!—rather call the steward and let it be cut down; do unto it as you do to all barren trees that encumber the ground of Covent Garden. The faithful steward, Harris, alas, has been called away before the harvest time of the year. If he had lived, perhaps, he would have given other councils.

The same sun of prosperity has shone with equal warmth and splendour upon the farm, "Her Majesty's," in Drury Lane. The proprietor thereof, always so smiling and genial, must now be radiant with satisfaction and delight. "An unfruitful season," he would say. "Bah!—There's no such a time with me. Spring, summer, autumn, and winter, in all alike, I sow and reap. In my calendar there are 365 harvest days." Happy man! But are all your seeds of promise, so plentifully sown in prospectuses, fruitful in fulfilment? How many expected fruits, Italian, French, and German, were missing at your feasts? And was there not promised a fresh English product called *The Talisman*? It never saw the light. Still it may be used for a score of years to come in plans and bills as a kind of operative "Mrs. Harris." The visions of fair fruits held out to the public for ever recede, like the deceitful foliage seen in the imagination of the traveller of the desert. The fashionable patron and the general public can join in the cry of the critic, "the season has been unfruitful," in spite of the success of *impresarios*, for the ways of trade are not the ways of art. An unfruitful season! Ah! ah!—laugh the foreign artists as they count up their gains and pack away their treasures, their silks and satins, their diamonds and jewels, their crisp bank-notes and piles of gold. "My dear sir, you are wrong," may say the *prima donna*, "there never was such a season; fruits of gold were always within my reach. I am weary of plucking them; for rest only I leave beloved Albion. *Au revoir*. I have your kind notices to show my friends in *Bella Italia*. I value them so much." How delightful! The artists are even happier than the managers. The public have loaded them with applause, the press lauded them with praise, and the *impresarios* have paid them freely. Let them enjoy their fruits; it may be, however, as well to tell them that the money is the only thing of real value they can take away. The people that applauded care no more for them than for any other persons they choose to buy of. The flattering criticisms are not certificates of merit. The critic now-a-days lets cripples pass as whole and sound. Like a generous creditor, he gives a receipt in full when he knows the poor debtor can pay no more. If, therefore, my fine artists, you have had no bitter pill to swallow, no burning caustic applied, and no knife cutting away at your proud flesh, pray do not think you are free from all complaints; for rose-water, honey, and soft soap are the favourite remedies now used in the critic's craft. So put money in thy purse—that is a fruit which will stand the test of years. The bravos of the crowd and the soft sayings of the press will not endure. Time will silence their sweet voices, and time will make thee old, and may make thee fat and ugly, therefore put money in thy purse.

To the many who have sought amusement merely the past season has not proved a failure; from the "gods" at Drury Lane down even to the Shah it has been found in abundance. To the traders that have supplied those wants the season has not been profitless; but there are some few who neither seek giddy pleasure nor greedy gain, to whom the musical art is as a religion. These are they who stigmatise it as quite unprofitable; who say that neither in the executive nor creative branches of the art have any advancements been made. Is it not true that scarcely any remarkable new performers, vocal or instrumental, have come to the front; and that no fresh compositions of merit, by known or unknown composers, have been heard? The orchestras may have maintained their previously tried excellence, the established artists may not have fallen away in merit, and the old standard works have, doubtless, been performed with their usual fullness; still these facts only prove a state of things little better than stagnation. Works revived of the old masters may not exceed in value those known. New compositions may not equal in skill and genius their predecessors; yet they are homages paid to art, and evince a striving to serve her. They trouble the waters if they give no healing properties. Let the provincial festivals do that which London has left undone, and afford us compensation for the dearth caused by our most unfruitful season.

L. T.

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.*

(From the "Globe.")

The fecundity of genius is, perhaps, on the whole its most striking characteristic. We rarely look into the biography, whether of poet, sculptor, painter or musician, without being struck by the quantity of work, be his life a long or a short one, which he has contrived to put into it. As a rule, men of genius will be found to have done more, as well as better, than other men. Sir Sterndale Bennett is one of those exceptions that prove, not the truth, but the existence and general acceptance of a rule. His career has been already of considerable duration, for he was a composer of more than promise while a mere boy. Yet the number of his productions, those at least which have as yet seen the light, bear no sort of proportion to their excellence. Whether from an exceeding fastidiousness, preference for other occupation—it cannot be from want of encouragement—or whatever cause, he has been, or would seem to have been, the least prolific artist of his class that ever lived. That we regard that class as the highest will be implied in the fact that we consider the work to which we are about to call attention as the most important of its class that has appeared since the death of Beethoven. Bearing in mind that the principal productions of Mendelssohn, Schumann, and even Spohr, date from that epoch, this will seem somewhat extravagant praise. But the kind of work of which *The Maid of Orleans* is a specimen demands rarer if not finer qualities for its achievement than any other in the whole range of musical art—a truth best illustrated in the fact that even of the great masters just named—to say nothing of a crowd of hardly inferior men—no one has, with any striking success, even attempted it. The pianoforte sonata in its now accepted form illustrates more perfectly and completely the power of music, pure and simple, than any other kind of composition whatever. Its composer works always under special difficulties. To him are denied all those varieties of *timbre* which give so exquisite a charm to the symphony or overture. He gets no help from the human voice, so touching in itself, and incidentally, by its power of articulation, so adjuvant to expression. Even the resources, small by comparison with those of the closest analogue of the pianoforte sonata—the string quartet—are denied to him. The pianoforte has no variety of quality to be compared even with that afforded by the application of the bow or finger to the string; more than all, it represents, still less imitates, nothing. Its value and interest are due wholly and solely to the development—i.e., presentation under different circumstances—of a small number of musical phrases. In proportion to the individual charm of these, to the appropriateness of their decoration, the grace of occasional episode, and their relation—often so subtle as to defy analysis—to the principal themes, and the order or form of their presentation, will be the beauty of each movement—that without which it has no right to exist. The composer of a sonata may be, or may fancy he is, helped by some objective topic, and the chain of ideas naturally growing out of it; but in exact proportion with his hearers' independence of these will be the merit of his work. We could have wished that Sir Sterndale Bennett had kept out of his players, readers, and hearers' consideration any and every collateral consideration. Practically, however, his title-page matters little. The sonata has no more connection with Joan of Arc than with any other woman, or man, "the tenour of whose way," from the cradle to the grave, has not been "even." Its hearer, therefore, is at perfect liberty, and is likely to connect each successive movement and each successive passage in it with any person, incident, property, or thing that pleases him best. The sonata consists of four movements—an *andante pastorale*, an *allegro marziale*, an *adagio patetico*, and a *finale*. To describe in detail these several movements is a task which we have no intention of undertaking. Even with the aid of musical illustration, it would be a difficult, and without it, a useless one. And were we to succeed in conveying our impression of the strength, the elegance, or the originality of this or that passage in the work, our account would fail, as every such account that has ever come to us has failed, in enabling readers to realize the supreme or capital merit of the work—the form, proportion, and coherence of parts of each separate movement, and the accumulating impression of mobility made by their successive perusal or performance. It will be enough to say that the first movement, a pastoral of enchanting freshness, must be regarded, its self-containedness notwithstanding, as introductory, and

* *The Maid of Orleans*. Sonata for the pianoforte, composed expressly for, and dedicated to, Madame Arabella Goddard. By Sir William Sterndale Bennett. Lamborn Cock.

that which follows it as answering to the ordinary "first movement" in works of symphonic proportion. The principal theme of this last, a sort of trumpet call with the tramp of martial feet heard under it, is followed at once by turbulent and therefore consequent passages, broken off for a moment by a second subject, suggestive, to us, of passionate entreaty, just articulate through an undertone of sobs; this, again, followed by a very tempest of combination and succession, not driving hither and thither without purpose, but always working to the ends of the magician who has conjured it up. The slow movement, like the introduction, is short—too short. Its principal subject is of unusual simplicity, being constructed almost entirely out of the chord of the key-note. After some elegant pianoforte passages have been heard, it is re-introduced eventually twice, by a brief and most touching episode. The last movement is characterised by the increase throughout of a hopeful spirit, assuming towards the close an exultant tone, conveyed in strains contrasting strongly, in their broad simplicity, with most of those heard before. The performance of the entire work will tax the powers of the most enduring and thoroughly prepared pianist; but two of the movements, the first and the third, are physically within the reach of those performers whose fingers occasionally fail in doing justice to their tastes and intentions. On the whole, so important a work, of whatever class, has not for a very long time come under our notice. In its own, it would be hard to name any living musician who could produce its equal.

THE MAYOR'S BANQUET TO THE REPRESENTATIVE LIVERPOOL CHOIR.

(From the "Liverpool Daily Post," August 2, 1873.)

A perfectly unique entertainment took place at the Town Hall last night. If the picked choir of eighty voices, who lately supported so brilliantly the musical reputation of Liverpool at the National Musical Meetings at the Crystal Palace, were ever called upon to answer seriously the question so often put at popular concerts—"Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?"—they would undoubtedly return unanimously the name of Edward Samuelson. It was said last night by Mr. Willert Beale, in a characteristically able speech, that, but for the accident of Mr. Samuelson being Mayor, no choir would have been formed; and consequently no victory would have been won, and the interest which his Worship has shown in the project from the first, and which was exhibited in his personal attendance at the Crystal Palace competition, culminated in the invitation which last night assembled at his table the whole of the Representative Choir, to meet whom his Worship had assembled a few well-selected guests, on whose sympathy in such an undertaking he could confidently count. As became the occasion, a great deal of music was imported into the programme, and never has the great ball-room of the Town Hall, in which the banquet was held, resounded with such a volume of melodious sound. For grace there was sung a very effective sacred glee by Mr. Mortimore, a member of the choir, and, on the removal of the cloth, "Non Nobis" followed in due course. Interspersed between speeches, in which the Mayor and some of his guests did high honour to the purport of the meeting, were several choral performances of great spirit and excellence, including "The Word went Forth," from Mendelssohn's *Fest Gesang*; Callcott's "Queen of the Valley;" T. Cooke's "Hohenlinden" and Nethercliff's "We happy shepherd swains." Delicious as these musical efforts were, they were hardly more acceptable than the speeches in which the Mayor—who comported himself with the geniality of a delighted host and the enthusiasm of a skilled amateur—magnified the enterprise upon which he had expended so much care, or those in which Mr. Sanders (the conductor of the choir), Mr. Hawkins (its chief promoter), and Mr. Hughes (of St. Nicholas's Choir, so greatly lauded by Sir John Goss and Sir George Elvey) reciprocated cordial expressions. The Mayor's health was proposed by Mr. Clarke Aspinall, in a speech of which the humour was worthy that gentleman's reputation as a wit, while its more serious passages were a noble vindication of the dignity of professional men in Liverpool, too often overlooked and slighted by worshippers of what he called "the golden or cotton calf," but recognized by the present Mayor with a heartiness and cordiality completely indicative of his own artistic and literary tastes. Mr. Willert Beale's speech, pointing to the desirableness of a Liverpool Festival, in which the competitive and professional elements might be intermingled, was the practical one of the evening; and the most consolatory reflection it suggested was that, if the design was capable of being realized, Mr. Beale and his Worship the present Mayor, whether in or out of office, were the most likely persons to accomplish it. This much at least may be said, that to a man of taste to have peopled the Town Hall of Liverpool as it was peopled last night, must be a delight which, in retrospect, will exist as long as memory endures.

SIGNOR RANDEGGER AT BIRMINGHAM.

On Friday night (August 1) the choruses of the third and last of the new works commissioned for the forthcoming Festival—viz., Signor Randegger's cantata, *Fridolin*, the text adapted from Schiller's poem, *The Message of the Forge*—was rehearsed, under the personal superintendence of its composer, in the Lecture Theatre of the Midland Institute. Mr. Peyton briefly introduced Signor Randegger, and expressed pleasure that he was so far recovered from his late illness as to be able to be among them that evening. Signor Randegger, who was received with much cordiality, then addressed the chorus in a few prefatory remarks. He said:—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Though this is the first time I have the pleasure of being personally and formally introduced to you (so gracefully introduced, I may add, and so courteously received), I can scarcely call myself an entire stranger here, or more correctly speaking, I certainly do not feel as a stranger amongst you. Since the year 1855, when, as a very young man I first came over to England, it has been my good fortune to attend every one of your triennial music meetings. I have had, therefore, plenty of opportunities to become thoroughly acquainted with your magnificent resources, and also to appreciate and admire the marvellously precise, efficient, business-like, and complete manner in which all the smallest details connected with your festivals are planned, conducted, and carried out, principally through the generous disinterestedness of those influential gentlemen who give up so much of their valuable time in the cause of art and charity. I well remember that at one of your performances during the festival of 1855 I was so far carried away by the enthusiasm of both performers and audience that I dared to dream that some day or other I also might obtain the privilege and the honour of composing a work for one of these great occasions. It was then only an ambitious dream of an over-ambitious youth, perhaps, and I certainly did not expect that it would actually be realized after a lapse of 18 years. Such, however, being now the case, I need scarcely assure you that I do most deeply feel the honour which your committee has conferred upon me, and also that I am fully sensible of the responsibility attached to this distinction. That I have tried my utmost to do my very best to deserve it you can easily imagine. That you will do your very best I am quite certain, and as I know from personal experience that your best is nothing short of perfection, I have every reason to congratulate myself on that score, even before I hear you to-night. Pray do not take these words in the light of idle, empty, and commonplace flattery. You ought to know, and you do know, that I have only said the simple truth. You ought to know, and you do know, your exceptional power, and in fact it is to this very consciousness of your strength, and to the admirable manner in which you are trained to use it, that you are chiefly indebted for your great, remarkable, and numerous successes. And now that you have heard me, let me hear you, in a manner which I trust will prove more eloquently than my words that I have not exaggerated my faith in your ability, enthusiasm, and goodwill."

"Touching the work itself"—writes the *Birmingham Daily Post*—"it will suffice here to say that the music, as far as can be gathered from the choral portions, is eminently dramatic, tuneful, and characteristic, full of contrast, spirit, and descriptive power, and distinguished by much ingenuity of harmonic construction. The solo part of *Fridolin* (soprano) was sung by Mrs. Sutton with skill and effect, and the choral parts, which are by no means child's play, were executed by the chorus with a general precision and spirit which repeatedly won the approval of the composer, whose criticism is not as a rule inclined to err on the side of leniency. In regard to pronunciation he is especially fastidious, and, under this aspect, the rehearsal was for many of the chorus a strict but useful lesson. On the conclusion of the work the chorus testified their delight with it by a burst of enthusiastic applause, which the composer humorously construed as an encore of the final movement, which was accordingly repeated."

St. PETERSBURG.—The following artists will be included in the Italian company for 1873-4 here and at Moscow:—*Prime Donne*—Adelina Patti, Elisa Volpini, Emma Albani, Alice Urban, Maria Leon-Duval, Anna D'Angeri, Alice Giuliani, Rosa Penco, Maria Sebel; *contraltos*—Sofia Scalchi and Alice Bernardi; *tenors*—Ernesto Nicolini, Emile Naudin, Andrea Marin, Giuliano Gayarre, D. Filleborn, Enrico Svedese, and J. Sabater; *baritones*—Antonio Cotogni, Francesco Graziani, Giuseppe Mendioroz, and Giacomo Rota; *basses*—G. Foli, Eraclito Bagagiolo, Tommaso Costa, Giovanni Capponi, F. Raguer, Meo, and Finnoch; *buffo*—Giuseppe Ciampi; *conductors*—Luigi Arditi and Nicolo Bassi, for this capital and Moscow, and F. Bevignani, for the latter capital only.

KEEP ME FROM MY FRIENDS! (?).

SIR.—Had your correspondent, "Idealiser," published his name, I should have known to whom I am indebted for so kindly thinking my case should be enquired into fairly, at the same time that I should die out, not from any fault of my own, but from want of judgment in others in not fairly representing me to the public; and is ready, spade in hand, to throw an extra shovel of dirt over me when I am buried!" "Idealiser's" oration is certainly a *funeral* one, not only over my remains, but over eminent living composers, who are ready and willing to once more raise me to the position I ought, and should hold if it were not for such *reasoners* as your correspondent, "Idealiser." It is true, he goes from grave to "gay!" and with triumph points to the "music-halls," places that have been my ruin!—where, had the gross vulgarity stopped, it would have mattered little; but, unfortunately, the vicious folly has been carried to our very drawing-rooms, and, I regret to say, polluted the rising generation. In my day, Sir, the young ladies would have blushed with shame to listen to what they will now sing with all the gusto of the "Great Vance!" and the managers of our theatres, with one or two exceptions—to compete with the music-halls—drive away what friends I have from their houses in disgust by exhibitions of nudity and gross allusions, which the Society for the Suppression of Vice should stop; and the Lord Chamberlain, who is too busy in making his friends look more ridiculous in the eye of the public, and making a "black man white!" should hide his own face for very shame in allowing the French wantons to show theirs in all their brazenness! Sir, I do not deal with "Idealism," but stern realities, and I ask again—"Why am I so neglected?" while my sisters, "Art and Science," are so carefully looked after, and foreign opera and singers so lavishly pampered?—which your correspondent, "Idealiser," admits is a "fair question, entitled to a fair reply." Let him put on a bold, manly front; sign his name as he requests all your "gifted correspondents to do" who dare question his authority; let the musical world know who this second Daniel is; for a good cause let him propound his views clearly, and not make comparisons, childish and ridiculous—and, instead of contemptuous sneers at R. C. and others, who really have my true interest at heart, let him encourage young composers to study hard to raise *English Opera* to the highest state of perfection!—Yours &c., MISS ENGLISH OPERA.
Door Step, Opera Colonnade, Haymarket.

SE NON È VERO È BEN TROVATO.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR SIR.—A Berlin daily newspaper communicates the interesting news, for which I do not hold myself responsible, that the Viceroy of Egypt has sent to Mr. Richard Wagner, the Apostle of the Music of the Future, the magnificent gift of £500, in aid of the model theatre erected at Bayreuth, and for the performances of his three days' lasting Opera.

This will be glorious news for the disciples of the Music of the Future, and who knows what may be expected from this lucky incident having occurred from that part of the globe for the Future. Perhaps it may lead to an emigration of the master and his adherents to the East, as it throws open a vast area for cultivating the musical art, which, being there in its infancy, may easily suit their fancies, and they may adopt it with vigour. A conservatoire for the real doctrines of the dramatic musical art may find less opposition there than in civilized Europe, and may expect to receive more encouragement from the Nubian subjects of his Highness the Khedive, than elsewhere.

Would it not be a grand idea to see a model stage erected on the shores of the Suez Canal, and the performances of the Nibelungen and the Walküre transferred from Germany to the Nile? In such an event we could but admire the progress of civilization made in the 19th century with regard to poetry and music, and would acknowledge the admiration which would then be bestowed on the great apostle if it be carried out.

We fear, however, there is no rose without thorns, that the Arabian language may be an obstacle to the undertaking, but hope, notwithstanding, it may be overcome by Mr. Wagner's all absorbing talent, and the large field for new librettos that is to be found there in the tales of the "Arabian Nights."—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

August 5, 1873.

DR. FERDINAND RAHLES.

LEIPZIG.—Riedel's Verein lately gave an interesting concert in St. Nicholas's. The principal work in the programme was the *Missa chorialis* of the Abbate Franz Liszt, who was present the whole time. The smaller pieces were two "Funeral Choruses" for male voices, by Peter Cornelius; two "Weihnachtslieder," by the same composer; a Song by Raff, and a Song by Zopf (the four sung by Mdlle. Gutschach) by a "Fantasia in form of Fugue for the Organ," Op. 1., C. Piatti (played by Herr Papier); and a "Fantasia for Organ and Violoncello," Carl V. Radecki (played by Dr. Kretschmar and Herr Hegar).

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

August 6th, 1873.

Lucie, *Charles VI.*, and *La Juive* have occupied our attention at the Opera this week. In *Lucie* Mdlle. Poitevin made her first appearance as the heroine, M. Bresson singing with great taste and *finesse* the rôle of Edgardo, especially in the last scene, when he gave, with great effect, "Oh mon ange dont les ailes." Mdlle. Poitevin I will allude to presently.

La Juive, on Sunday, went well. And now to deal with *Charles VI.* Before noticing "musical notes" it may, possibly, not be out of place to bring forward one or two historical notes, or rather facts.

Charles VI. was contemporary with no less than three English kings, viz., Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V. The first and last married two of his daughters. He came to the throne at the age of 13 years; married the Princess Isabella of Bavaria, a beautiful woman, but, as history states, of depraved manners. Henry V., "whose reign was devoted to an attempt at gaining possession of France," landed with an army at Harfleur in 1415, and marched north-east towards Calais, encountering on his way French troops, and thereby deciding in favour of the English the famous battle of Agincourt. After this Henry forced Charles VI. to reinstate the right of himself and descendants as Kings of France, he retaining the title of King during his lifetime, but the Dauphin giving up all claim to succession. This was at the Treaty of Troyes, May 21, 1420. Charles VI. went mad four days before the battle of Agincourt. He survived his rival, Henry V. of England, scarcely two months. It is strange to remark that the title of "King of France" was kept so long by reigning kings of England, being granted to England by Charles VI. of France, who went mad, and restored to France by George III., who also "lost his reason." So much for history! Now, then, for other notes! The plot to begin with. Firstly, the Dauphin, who has been banished by his father, loves the daughter of a peasant who has the custody of the graves of the French kings at St. Denis. Of course the love is mutual, and she is ignorant of his rank. The Queen and the Duke of Bedford (brother of Henry V.), plotting together, wish to place the already insane Charles in some asylum, and do so by placing him in the hands of the said "custodian." Discovery of "who's who"—a temporary recovery of Charles' reason, during which he recognises his son—the battle of Agincourt, and subsequent signing of the Treaty of "Perpetual Peace," make up the rest.

The words being powerfully written by Scribe, and admirably supported and expressed by the music composed to them by Halévy, it is possibly an open question whether an opera in which so many allusions to English, to invasions, and to foreigners would be quite judicious at the present moment in France, especially so in such an Anglo-French town as Boulogne. Among the choruses—in fact, a chorus which is almost the *theme* of the whole opera, and is repeated at least three or four times—is the following:—"Guère au tyran! jamais! jamais en France l'Anglais ne régnera." It is a stirring piece of composition, and rather resembles the famous "present" national air of France; famous not only as a stirring piece, but from the time and circumstances under which it was composed—viz., at Strasbourg, when Lieut. Rouget de l'Isle, of the Artillery, one night in 1784, being "en faction," made both words and music to the grand hymn. In the chorus alluded to it was thought judicious to cut out the word "*l'Anglais*," substituting the word "*l'Etranger*." There are lots of references to "*les Anglais*" all through the opera—heaps of patriotic appeals; so that the word "*Etranger*" at the present moment, if we look eastward, and reflect on the events of the last three years, seems nor the best substitution, for the phlegmatically considered "*Anglais*."

A few musical notes will perhaps be now (*enfin*) not out of place. The rôle of the King was taken by M. Ch. Budant; he acted the very difficult part well, and sang accurately, and met with applause; especially so during the long time he has to be on the stage in Act 2, and in the fourth act, when he is encouraged by the tender care of his nurse to go to sleep. M. Bresson took the part of the Dauphin with his usual good taste and care, and, in "France chérie," brought down the house.

Mdlle. Poitevin impersonated Isabelle de Barrière. If this artist would look her character, and when she sings open her mouth, so that her voice would not seem to come from the back of her head, and sound, as we say here, like *une voix métallique*, it would possibly gratify the frequenters of the Salle Monsigny.

The rôle of Odette—the daughter of the peasant at whose house Charles stays—was taken by a new actress (*contralto*), Mdlle. Peyret, of whom I wrote last week. Suffice it to say that she met with hearty applause both on Saturday and Tuesday. Her acting was exceptionable.

Last Sunday Mdlle. Holmberg, a Swedish singer whom I have already mentioned in your columns, gave a concert at the Etablissement. She was very ably supported by M. Dulcken as pianist, M. Outran, baritone; and last, not least, M. Tesseman, of Her Majesty's Royal Italian Opera, London. Mdlle. Holmberg contributed four times towards the entertainment, "*Le mere perira par le feu et lui par le feu pour le Trouver*;" "*Il va venir*," from *La Juive*, "*Il ni aime*," from *Dragons de villars*, being most remarkable. Signor Tesseman sang two airs from *Rigoletto*, one from the first act, the other the well-known "*La Donna e Mobile*," with taste and precision.

Concerts as usual take place at the Casino, also the "dancing evenings" entailing

"The maiden's sidelong looks of love,

The matron's glance that would that look reprove."

(I have forgotten to state that the game of cards was invented in the time of Charles VI., to divert him in his madness.

O. P. Q.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-ODER.—The law courts will shortly be called upon to lay down the difference between trade and art. The reason thereof is as follows: Herren Kosleck, Philipp, Sans, and Deichan, Royal Prussian Chamber-Musicians, enjoying considerable celebrity as performers on their instrument, have, under the title of "The Cornet-Quartet of his Majesty the German Emperor," lately been making a professional tour through the provinces. A little while ago, they reached this town, and announced a concert, the price of admission being five silver groschens, a sum not quite equivalent to sixpence in English money. A few hours, however, before the time named for the concert to begin, Herr Kosleck, who, by the way, is a teacher at the High School of Music, Berlin, was summoned to the Chief Police Office. An Assessor there asked him for his "trade license" (*Gewerbeschein*). On his saying he had no such license, the Assessor required him to take one out at once, unless he wished to be prohibited from giving the concert. Herr Kosleck did not feel inclined to accept this alternative, based upon a paragraph in the regulations concerning trade-licenses, but lodged a protest with the law officers of the Crown. Hereupon he received a written notice to the effect that those officers shared the view taken by the police, as "the fact of the concert being given in a public locality at a low price of admission took it out of the cases in which it is laid down by paragraphs 55–59 of the regulations that a trade-license is not requisite." The artists did not consider it compatible with their dignity to take out a license, and, not wishing to abandon the concert, they quickly made up their minds and flung the doors of the concert-room open free of any charge whatever. The place was crammed, and every piece in the programme received with tumultuous applause. Herr Kosleck and his colleagues have commenced proceedings against the law officers of the Crown, and the result is looked forward to with great curiosity in all artistic circles.

MILAN.—The Scala will open, on or about the 20th inst., with Signor Petrella's *Giovanna di Napoli*, which is a novelty here. The cast includes Signora Conti Foroni, Giovanna; Signora Pasqua, Matilde; Signor Celada (tenor), the Duke; Signor Burgio (barytone), Anello. The opera will be backed up by Signor Borri's ballet, *Il Figliuol prodigo*.—Signor and Signora Aldighieri have taken their departure from the Teatro dal Verme. Their last appearance was a grand event and the house was crowded to suffocation.—Signor Strazza has nearly completed the statue of Donizetti, which he was commissioned to execute by the late Signor F. Lucca, the well-known publisher. It is to stand opposite the statue of Rossini, in the vestibule of the Scala. It will be formally inaugurated in the Autumn.—Signor Bottesini has been staying a short time here, on his way to Venice, where he has been appointed conductor at the Teatro Malibran.

KINGSBERG.—The new opera, *Harald*, words by Dr. E. Schlieffen, music by Herr G. Dullo, has proved a thorough success, and will probably make the round of the German theatres. If report is to be trusted, it is one of the best works of its kind produced in Germany for a long time.

INCREASE OF SMALL BIRDS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Last year you gave space to a letter from me, giving an account of the increase of small birds in my garden and shrubbery, comprising about three-quarters of an acre. The account appears to have interested the public, if I may judge by the number of papers into which the letter was copied, and the communications I received through the post; last, not least, through the interest my census excited in the market-room, or in that august assembly, the local Chamber of Agriculture—I do not know which—at our market town of Cirencester, where one energetic, but not bird-loving, farmer suggested that I should be hung. However, if you will insert the following list, it will at all events interest the bird-loving public. The following birds have nested in my garden and shrubbery this year:—One missel thrush (this bird laid but one egg); seven blackbirds, laying 27 eggs; four thrushes, laying 13; five hedge-sparrows, laying 22; three robins, laying 15; two chaffinches, laying 8; one wren, laying 6; twelve greenfinches, laying 52; one willow wren laying 6; one garden warbler, laying 4; and one flycatcher, laying 4 eggs—in all, 38 birds, with a total of 158 eggs. Besides these there have been the usual accompaniment of starlings, martins, and swifts, in the slates, and sparrows in the slates and fir trees. Moreover, in the churchyard, a thrush and greenfinch have hatched and brought off nine young ones. Of the whole number, a fair proportion have been hatched and left the nest safely. A tom tit, a goldfinch, and a lesser whitethroat have also hatched in the garden, but I was not able to discover their nests. It would take up too much room if I attempted to point out the usefulness of birds in guarding the vegetable world from the depredations of caterpillars; but I would mention, as an ardent entomologist, that my trees and flowers are freer this year from those pests than ever, and that there is a corresponding decrease in the annual increase of my collection of lepidoptera. One robin that had its nest close to the stable door was in the habit of taking an average of 150 caterpillars an hour to its young ones—often five or six in its beak at the same time, and this after the young ones had left the nest, and were partially able to take care of themselves. It would be well if the Small Bird Protection Act could be enlarged, and the police look after the rural farmers, who believe every small bird eats a peck or so of corn a week.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

E. HALETT TODD, Vicar of Aldsworth.

THE NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL FOR MUSIC.

Trustworthy information has now reached us as to the National Training School for Music which is to be established in connection with the Royal Albert Hall, under the auspices of the Society of Arts. Admission to the school is to be open to persons of all classes of society by competitive examination. Three hundred scholarships are to be founded, affording not only gratuitous instruction, but free maintenance for students. The fee for education without maintenance will be about £35, and the boarding of the scholars is to be carried on independently from the school. The Council of the Royal Albert Hall have undertaken to provide certain rooms for the use of the school, and the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851 have offered a plot of ground adjoining the hall for the erection of suites of practising and lecture rooms, which Mr. C. J. Freake has guaranteed to build entirely at his own cost. The school is to be managed by a committee consisting of two members appointed by the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, two members appointed by the Albert Hall Council, and three appointed by the Council of the Society of Arts. The Committee thus formed consists of the Duke of Edinburgh, Lord Clarence Paget, Major-General Eardley Wilmot, R.A., F.R.S., Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., Major Donnelly, R.E., and Sir William Anderson, K.C.B. Already promises have been received from nearly all the counties of the United Kingdom of funds for the endowment of scholarships to be competed for in those counties, while the following distinguished persons and corporations have offered to found scholarships, for which the competition will be national, or in other divisions than counties:—The Duke of Edinburgh, the Archbishop of Canterbury for his diocese, the Archbishop of York for his diocese, the Earl and Countess Spencer for Ireland, the Lord Warden and Lady Granville for the Cinque Ports, the Mercers' Company, the Fishmongers' Company, Lord Hatherley and Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., for Wales. The Council of the Society of Arts state that they have decided to take the initiative in the establishment of the school, because the Department of Science and Art has taken no steps in the matter; but they confidently hope that the school will eventually be transferred to the responsible management of the State.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ROME.—Signor Jacovacci has again been accepted by the Communal Council as manager of the Teatro Apollo.

PAVING THE WAY.

(From the "New York Arcadian.")

An English journal prints the following interesting art anecdote of Rubinstein and Von Bulow, showing how a great pianist, who saw society only from the stage of a concert room, and studied the whole country exhaustively during a lengthy residence of nearly six months, spent in railroad travelling by night, pierces at once to the inmost secret of our national existence:—

"Go to America. I have paved the way. Previous to my visit the American amateurs had been regaled with nothing but *bravura* and sensational music. The ground is now clear, and you will command success. There is very little poetry or romance among the Americans; their all-engrossing object seems to make and spend money. Nevertheless, they are far more impressionable than the English, the least musical of all people on the face of the earth."

This is really wonderful. The remarkable discrimination, the acute perception, the keen diagnosis of the talented observer are equalled only—they cannot be surpassed—by the serene complacency with which he regards his humble missionary efforts. His condescending advice to the lesser luminary is also good, though, of course, it pales an effectual fire before the simple faith of the travelled pianist. Perhaps, however, Rubinstein's opinion of what all foreigners call "America" is by way of revenge for some notes upon his appearance when sea-sick, recently published in this city; though it is rather hard to condemn a whole nation because justly irritated at one impertinent writer.

[We hope the Americans like it. Serve them right. They are at present, Dwight of Boston excepted, talking more absolute nonsense about music than any other nation ever talked before. —A. S. S.]

KARLSBAD (Bohemia).—The concerts of our excellent Curcapelle, under the direction of Music-director Aug. Labitzky, afford to the many and distinguished visitors of this charming watering-place one of the chief pleasures and attractions. The programmes during the last fortnight have been particularly interesting, and contained, amongst other pieces, the following works:—Beethoven's overture, *Prometheus*; Doppler's overture to his opera, *Ilka*; the overtures to Adams' *Si j'étais Roi* and to Hofmann's *Cartouche*; also the introduction and bridal chorus from Wagner's *Lohengrin*; quintet and chorus from Balfe's *Four Sons of Aymon*, and a Fantasia on Fr. von Holstein's opera, *Der Haidenschacht*. The solo instrumental pieces were two Trios for harp, violin, and violoncello, by C. Oberthür, excellently played by the Grand Ducal Mecklenburg Chamber Virtuoso, Fraulein Anna Dubez, with Messrs. Prantl and Zang; "Une nuit d'été," and "The moon is gleaming," both nocturnes for harp and hautboy, which pleased so much that they had to be repeated on each occasion. Fraulein Anna Dubez, who is one of the best harp players of the day, had, in the two last-named pieces, the valuable assistance of Herr Klemcke, also Chamber Virtuoso to the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, and we have seldom heard the hautboy played with so much taste and expression as by this accomplished artist. Amongst the distinguished visitors recently here was H.R.H. the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg.

BOSS.—The interest evinced by the musical world in the approaching Memorial Festival in honour of Robert Schumann, is very intense and continues to increase every day. The committee are continually receiving assurances of sympathy and adhesion from all parts of the globe, and the concourse of foreign artists will be unusually large. The following *Ehrengäste*, or Honorary Guests, i.e., persons specially invited, have already signified their intention of being present: Johannes Brahms, Ferdinand Hiller, Sir Sterndale Bennett, Waldemar Bargiel, Max Bruch, Dietrich, Gevaert, and Verhulst. Herr Otto Goldschmidt and wife, and Mdlle. E. Brandes, the rising young German pianist, will also come. It is, perhaps, superfluous to say that all the Musical Directors and *Concertmeister* of the Rhenish-Westphalian Provinces will be among the visitors.

NEW YORK.—Mr. Augustin Daly will open the new Fifth Avenue Theatre, in Twenty-eighth Street, on the 13th October next. The building leased by him in Broadway, after the destruction by fire of the old theatre in Twenty-fourth Street, will remain under his management, and bear the name of the Broadway Theatre. It is to be reopened on the 24th inst., by Mdlle. Aimée and an *opéra bouffe* company.

DELFT.—A grand musical festival has just come off here. The principal work was Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*. The smaller compositions consisted of "The Erlkönigs Tochter," Niels von Gade; "Neujahrslied," Schumann; and "Concertouverture," J. C. Boers. The solo singers were Mdlle. Lemmers, Mdlle. le Delier, Herr Hill (from Schwerin), and Herr Diener (from Berlin).

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LEO PARD.—On the contrary—Tiger is going on a visit to Admiral Wink, at North Malvern; and, much to his dissatisfaction—or, rather (*sub rosa*), to his satisfaction—Lorretto and Polly remain at home. So that Mr. Leo Pard is wrong on every point. Tiger returns from his *villegatura* in November, and his “at homes” will be resumed.

HIC HÆC.—Hock (that is the wine).

LYNX.—No.

SIMCOCK HOUSE.—Always welcome (as a Muttonian).

BAWBE.—We candidly confess we are not well up in the matter of reels. You had better consult a respectable piper.

FESTUS.—The work in question is published by Heugel and Co., Paris. It may be obtained of Messrs. Duncan Davison and Co., No. 244, Regent Street.

PATRICK.—Domenico Corri was still living in 1824. He came to London in 1774. In 1797, he entered into partnership, as a musician, with the celebrated pianist, J. L. Dussek.

MUSICUS.—The Festival is not here yet. Before it arrives, you may get some friend to procure you the accommodation you require, but we are afraid there is no chance of the municipal authorities taking the matter in hand, as you suggest. To use a common metaphorical expression, they will have other fish to fry. If it is any consolation to you, we may state that you are not the only person attending a festival who has been charged a high price for uncomfortable quarters. From the time that the Canterbury Pilgrims put up at the Tabard, down to the present day, lodgings have varied in price and quality like everything else. As George Colman, the younger, remarks:

“Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well-known,
Are so dear and so bad, they are best let alone.”

DR. BLIDGE.—On the contrary, the article, which we happen now to have before us, was as follows:—

“The celebrated singing actress, Mdlle. Judic, who has of late created a *furor* among the patrons of *opéra-bouffe* in Paris, is now the leading ‘star’ at the Princess’s Theatre. The performance of *La Timbale d’Argent*, the piece with which her name is most intimately associated, has been prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain, and, her repertory not being large, she is obliged to content herself with a short monodrama, entitled *Le Mouton Enragé*, and two of her favourite songs. But within these narrow limits she displays a talent of the rarest kind, especially in the two songs which follow the monodrama; and there is some consolation to those who cannot see her in *La Timbale d’Argent* in the fact that one of her two songs, ‘Ne m’attendez pas,’ was the favourite *morceau* in that work. The other, ‘J’ai pleuré,’ comes after it as a kind of contrast. First, we have the lay of mirth, slightly tempered by prudery; then the lay of sorrow—in the beginning trivial, at the conclusion intense. Both are charmingly sung, but the great effect which they produce is due less to the vocalist than to the actress. A whole history of emotions, distinguished from each other by the merest shade of difference, is told in a few minutes, the highest elaboration being combined with an appearance of the utmost simplicity. The evening’s performances commence with *Marcel*, of which we have already had two English versions, and in which the principal character is very effectively played by M. Maurice Coste.”

So that Dr. Bidge is entirely mistaken.

DEATH.

On the 2nd inst., of apoplexy, at the residence of his son, Frank A. Mori, Chamant (near Senlis, Oise, France), FRANK MORI, of 88, Tavistock Road, Westbourne Park, London, aged 53. Friends will kindly accept this intimation.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.’s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1873.

AS the author of the following letter is so highly flattering about our “liberally eclectic spirit”—and as our waste-paper basket is already full—we insert his communication, but without prejudice:—

(To the Editor of the “Musical World.”)

SIR,—An acquaintance of some twenty years with your paper—supply epithet to suit taste; here are some from which to cull: esteemed; valued; popular; interesting; widely-circulated—has convinced me that no Japanese policy of isolation, no Chinese system of exclusion, ever constituted part of your editorial tactics. On the contrary, your columns have always been freely open to everything relating to music, and to much, also, I am bound to say, which has nothing in the world to do with that delightful art. It is this liberally eclectic spirit on your part which emboldens me to address you to-day, without any over-great apprehension that my letter will go to swell the contents of your waste-paper basket instead of finding its way into your next number.

I have just returned from a fashionable watering-place. *Qui m’impunto, come una mula genovese, e, per far che facciate, non riuscirte a smuovermi*; i.e., here I stop for a moment, nor will I budge till I have vented my conviction of the inappropriateness of the term “watering place” as applied to a seaside resort. A stickler for the eternal aptness of things, I denominate a spade a spade; *suo qualunque rem nomine appello*. Why “watering”-place? Whether the spot be Brighton the aristocratic, or St. Leonards the select; Bognor the beaming, or Margate the mixed; Ind Cooper & Ashby, Guinness and Gilbey, not forgetting that omnipresent firm, Spiers and Pond, with their now well-known and excellent *pro rata* principle, are more patronised for the laudable purpose of quenching thirst than the pure element. I maintain that “watering”-place is a misnomer. As a compromise, I would substitute “liquoring” for the participle in the above expression.

All this is, perhaps, irrelevant to, or only slightly connected with, the subject proper of my communication. Still I will let it stand. It is like the “Alarums” or “Flourish” in the old stage directions to Shakespeare’s historical plays. It serves to introduce what follows. Before we can get at the walnut to enjoy with our glass of port, we must crack the shell, which in its turn was encased in the outer husk. Besides, if the principle were once laid down that we ought in all things to go straight to the point we have in view, literally or metaphorically, one of the most picturesque features in an English landscape, the winding, tortuous country road, would lose its greatest charm, and the line of beauty would have to yield to the line produced by the aid of a ruler. So much being premised, I will proceed.

One morning last week, I received my usual batch of foreign journals, and at once set about reading them, while the breakers fringed the beach with foam a few feet from my two, and a gentle south-west wind agreeably fanned my cheeks. The colour of the latter, by the way, has been so changed by the July sun that, had the practice still prevailed, according to which, as the Brothers Smith tell us in verses which I can’t remember exactly, but which are to the effect that: Men once were surnam’d from their something or other (I forget what) or estate, You all may from History worm it, There was Someone the Something, and Peter the Great, John Lackland and Peter the Hermit—had this practice, I repeat, still prevailed, I should henceforward have been obliged to change my patronymic, at least temporarily, for that of Brown. Well, I read my foreign journals, and in four of them I found the cry of foreign critical and professional parrots that England is not a musical nation. In general, I should have passed it over without notice; I have long been used to it, though I cannot yet take to it quite as kindly as eels are said to take to skinning. But, on the occasion in question, the provocation was not to be borne; my patience was exhausted, like the air in a cupping-glass, and my indignation rose like the flesh of the patient on whom the cupping-glass is applied. My first impulse was to write to you; my second, as I strode along the shingle, into which I penetrated over my ankles at every step, was to get cool. I was sensible enough to carry out my second impulse first, for the sun was darting down rays which nearly singed my hat, and caused the mercury in the thermometer to rise to a giddy height. My first impulse, I am, as you perceive, carrying out second.

The English are not a musical nation! Such is the assertion for ever being made not only by foreign writers who have never been in the country, and gain their information from that most unreliable of all authorities, Hearsay, but also by the majority

of the foreign artists who, like herrings, visit our shores, at stated periods, in shoals. It is extraordinary with what ease, nay with what avidity, nations accept the most extravagant and utterly false statements, if only the latter flatter their vanity or pander to their prejudices, which, as Farquhar truly remarks, like wrinkles grow deeper with age. There is scarcely anything so absurd that foreign gullibility will not swallow. Our neighbours on the Continent are, for instance, continually being told by their Press that the influence of England has departed never to return. At the same time, there is not a Continental Potentate or Government that does not display fully as much anxiety to secure that influence in his, or its, own favour, as England herself could manifest to recover it, were it really lost. Then, again, England is not a military nation, we are informed. The truth or—incorrectness of this proposition depends upon the signification of the expression: a military nation. If we imply by it a nation unduly drained of its resources for the maintenance of over-grown standing armies, to the detriment of trade, agriculture, science, and everything else that tends to elevate mankind; a nation in the streets of whose cities the clank of the sabre and the jingle of spurs is more frequent than the rattle of omnibuses, or the whirling of cab wheels; a nation where the officers cast their uniform even less frequently than a lobster changes its shell, then, England—thank goodness!—is not a military nation. But if the word: military, does not naturally presuppose a great deal of martial display and no small amount of martial vapouring, if it is simply synonymous with: fighting, then England is a military nation. The only thing is that her soldiers do not require to be dressed in uniform and accompanied by the outward pomp and circumstances of war. Till required to use the sword or shoulder the rifle, they drive a quill or, may be, handle a yard measure, which peaceable implements they resume when affairs become settled. If a general is wanted, he is taken, at a pinch, from the counting-house, as was Clive. By this system, England, though not a military nation, manages, without the slightest fuss, to get through a good deal of hard fighting, and, in the most matter of fact fashion, to increase her possessions by vast tracts of territory in all quarters of the globe. What "military" nation ever did more, or—so much?

England not a musical nation! I leave you, Mr. Editor, to descant, if you choose, on the love and veneration manifested here towards Bach, Mozart, Gluck, Cherubini, Mendelssohn, Auber, Rossini, and others; to dilate upon the style in which the works of the great masters, without distinction of period or country, are performed among us, a style that, for reasons on which I may enter some other time, is rarely approached elsewhere. I will content myself with enquiring how it is that, if we are not a musical nation, such a vast amount of music is consumed here, and why the cultivation of it is so general? I speak feelingly, for I am even now suffering from piano on the brain. At the seaside resort where I was lately sojourning, there was scarcely a lodging-house or an hotel—and nearly every house in the town proper is a lodging-house if it is not an hotel—from the open windows of which pianoforte music was not heard issuing, played by pianists of all calibres, from the novice timidly fingering her way through Boosey's *Shilling Tutor* to the classical adept, executing with conscious mastery the compositions of Dussek, Mendelssohn, or Beethoven. Then again the bands! There was no escaping from them. On the pier and on the beach; before the hotels—the Magnificent, the Howard, the Russell, and the Essex—in the principal squares, and in the main thoroughfares, did those bands play, morning, noon, and night, while one of their number, attired, as were, also, his colleagues, in a uniform vacillating between that of a cavalry officer and that of a railway guard, went round and asked you to remember the band. As if you could ever forget it! The English not a musical nation! Were we not, we should have made a bonfire of all the pianos, and ordered every band out of the town within an hour, under pain of death. Not a musical nation! If the punishment were not too fearful, I would inveigle over the writers who advance this theory, and then compel them to attend for a week the performance of one of the bands at choice. It is immaterial which. They all play in the same mechanical drony fashion, and, alas, with the same want of *finish*—at least, up to 11 p.m. I will send

you the names of the papers in which the offenders write, if you believe we could induce them to come over. Don't you think it might be managed, and that I might be revenged? Yours,
Aug. 6th, 1873. A VICTIM.

THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT.

CHAPPELL v. BETJEMANN.

On Wednesday, at the Westminster County Court, before Mr. Bayley, an action was resumed by Messrs. Chappell, the well-known music publishers, against Stanley Betjemann, a musical director, to recover the sum of £9 16s. 6d. Mr. T. Lewis Allen, solicitor, appeared for the defendant. It appeared that some time back the defendant was proceeded against in this Court for the amount claimed, which included £3 odd for the hire of a harmonium, and the remainder for the representation of the opera of *Faust*, the performance of which Messrs. Chappell, through having a particular version of the same protected by copyright, charged for according to arrangement. The action, however, was postponed to enable the plaintiffs to prove to his Honour's satisfaction the sole right to the opera. At the rehearsing of the case on Wednesday, it was proved that their version had been duly entered at Stationers' Hall, and a lengthened argument regarding the law of copyright ensued between Mr. Allen and the Judge. The former contended that an action did not stand good in such cases, unless it was brought within twelve months after the transgression of the law. The plaintiff's version of the opera was performed by the defendant as far back as 1870, and was not copyrighted until last year. The amount claimed for the harmonium was not disputed. Mr. Allen quoted the various legal authorities with a view to show that the plaintiff could not recover, but his Honour held that they were entitled to the sum claimed by them for the performance of the opera by defendant, who had written acknowledging his indebtedness and promising to pay. It was stated that some of Messrs. Chappell's copyright works are being represented in the Provinces without their permission, and that proceedings would be taken if it were not so difficult to find the delinquents.

WHISTLING.

Dr. Anton Dohrn, a learned German zoologist, and the proprietor of a large public Aquarium now being erected at Naples, is very fond of whistling. I am also a naturalist; my branch is also aquarium zoology, and I also am fond of whistling. Both Dohrn and I are much addicted to whistling Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and we whistled it together when we worked in the Hamburg Aquarium; and when, six years afterwards, we met in consultation in the Crystal Palace Aquarium we instinctively commenced whistling the concerto just as naturally as ever. When Dohrn began the Naples work, he engaged Luer, the architect of the Berlin Aquarium. But Luer went mad, and committed suicide. Then he secured Luer's assistant, and, on getting him to Naples, he also became insane, and had to be sent away. Afterwards Dohrn engaged a Neapolitan architect, who prepared plans and submitted them to Dohrn; and as he sat over them—the architect being present—the Doctor absently began whistling the concerto, and, as he did so, the architect began to walk about uneasily. The whistling continued, and the architect got angry, but said nothing, till, the zoologist not ceasing, the architect gave vent to some savage exclamations, and rushed violently out of the house. Thereupon Dr. Dohrn came to the conclusion that all aquarium architects must be cracked. In about an hour a military officer waited upon Dohrn with a letter from the architect complaining that he had been grossly insulted by having his plans whistled over, and insisted on fighting a duel as a solace to his wounded honour, requesting Dohrn to send by his friend a letter, naming his weapons. The Doctor retired wrote a note, and enclosed in it a damning needle as the weapon of his choice! But nothing further was heard of the matter save that the architect, in a towering rage, sent for his plans and tore them up.

The job was then offered to me, and I—of course whistling Mendelssohn's violin concerto over it—devised what should be done, and put it in hand. It will, when finished, be one of my best works, and certainly it was born of whistling as far as I am concerned.

I was one of the audience when Sivioli played this concerto for the first time in England, June 27th, 1846. I wonder how many times I have since heard it performed, in England, France, and Germany, I being an inveterate concert-goer?

W. A. LLOYD.

Aquarium, Crystal Palace,
August 1st, 1873.

FLOWERS.*

(From "Another World.")

Flowers are used at the "choice" meetings as the medium through which the maiden indicates the gentleman on whom her choice has fallen. Flowers are very beautiful in Montalluyah. They are highly cultivated, and great pains are bestowed upon them; their names are given to stars and to women, so that often a lady will at once be associated with a beautiful flower and a brilliant star. Every flower has a well-known language of its own; many convey comparatively long expressions of emotion, both pleasing and the reverse, and the meaning of each may be qualified or increased by its union with others. In the language of flowers all at an early age are instructed. The meaning associated with each flower is universally understood, its name at once conveying its language as distinctly as though the whole of the sentence were spoken in so many words. Indeed, many interesting, and even long conversations are carried on between a gentleman and lady through a floral medium. A young lady, instead of entering into conversation or expressing her sentiments in words, may present a flower either in the first instance or by way of answer. A married lady receiving visitors has generally fresh flowers at hand, which she often separates to present one to the visitor.

The following are instances of language associated with Flower Language in Montalluyah:—

Aista Rodo (a plant bearing a little flower, like a diamond in transparency and brilliancy, and exhaling from every green leaf a beautiful perfume).

"The stars in heaven thou makest to blush by the sweetness of thy breath."

"I deny not that they possess thy brilliancy,
But thy fragrance they deplore.
May I hope for the boon of thy lustre near me,
Through the journey of life,
To teach me to be happy,
To cultivate my admiration of the beautiful,
To bid me seek the joys of home,
And teach me the greatness of my Maker."

Dronja (a flower unknown to your planet. It is white, the centre studded with little spots in relief, so closely resembling turquoise and pearls that unless touched they might be mistaken for real stones placed on the flower).

"At sight of thee, malignity flies away and the spirits of peace and goodness surround me, encouraging me to all great and noble deeds, making me forget to look back on my folly, and bidding me gaze forward into the future and the realms of hope."

"You exalt me; you purify me; say you will part from me no more."

Mosca (the moss rose).

"Come to me,
Thy virtues are more brilliant than precious stones;
Thy breath exhales intoxicating perfume;
Thy beauty is a continual feast.
Tell me thy heart shall be my haven,
To my bosom I will press thee,
And thy leaves shall embrace me with their fragrant affection."

Each kind of rose has its separate language. Thus, *Jafelina*, the single-leaf hedge-rose, is associated with lines indicative of "the sweet purity of youth." *Angelina*, the white rose, is associated with lines indicative of "gentle endurance and pure love;" and *Orbce*, the yellow rose, with lines indicative of "affection combined with jealousy." Some flowers have qualified, some disagreeable meanings attached to them. No man, however nearly allied to a lady, or however great his cause for displeasure may be, is allowed to say to her anything unpleasant except through the medium of flowers. The only exception is in favour of the husband, whose privilege is seldom used; not only because it is thought more civilised to use

* "In the celestial spheres, flowers breathe music as well as fragrance."—*Hermes*.

flowers as the medium on such occasions, but more especially because marriages are now so well assorted that occasion for complaint scarcely arises on either side.

At the marriage meetings flowers having the slightest disagreeable words attached to them are strictly forbidden. As an example of flowers having a qualified or disagreeable import, take the following:—

Ragepargee (the white lily).

"Cold but truthful, and as constant as the drops of Mount Isione."

In a small recess of Mount Isione two drops of water, clear as crystal, constantly fall, having percolated the rock above. As soon as two drops have fallen two others succeed, two being the invariable number. The interval between the fall of each pair of drops is equal and scarcely perceptible. These drops never cease to fall night nor day, and they have already by this accumulation formed a lake at the base of the mountain.

Clouterbole (convolvulus).

"False allurements!

Thy beauty is to please but for a day;
Like the magnet it attracts us,
And then thou wouldst make us weep
By fading before our eyes."

"Go, fickle flower,

For thou shalt not be mine
Until more lasting thou canst learn to be."

Booreska (fusheia).

"Thy beauty is dazzling;
But, alas! its bloom will fade
The nearer we approach,
For thy external attractions find no echo within.
I can never take thee to my bosom."

Romcraee (the pink lily).—This flower is associated with excessive love of dress, and the language attached to it ends with the words

"As glaring to the eye as Kiloom."

The gorgeous appearance of sunset is personified in poetical legends by a master spirit, called *Kiloom*.

The colours of sunset are gaudy and vivid beyond measure, and cast intense hues on all objects. Our sunsets, though grand, are far from being so agreeably soothing as those in your planet, but they leave an after-glow, which gives light during the night when darkness would otherwise prevail.

Flowers are profusely used in our great festivals. I recollect a *fête* given to me on the occasion of an anniversary, when there appeared a cavalcade of one hundred camelopards, bearing each on its back a kiosk, in which was a beautiful woman. All the camelopards were united together, as it seemed to the eye, by wreaths of flowers, though in fact these concealed strong thongs, with which the animals were really secured. Each animal was attended by a swarthy native of the country whence it came.

VIENNA.—Signor Emilio Petrella, President of the Musical Jury at the Grand Exhibition, is greatly pleased with his reception here, and especially with the flattering manner in which the Emperor conversed with him, when the Jury visited Schönbrunn. He has now returned to Naples, having stopt by the way a few days at Milan. He takes back with him the book of a new opera, on which he will set to work directly the hubbub of the Exhibition has died away in his ears.—The bills announcing that M. Offenbach would himself conduct the one hundredth and third performance of *La Princesse de Trébizonde*, filled the Carltheater to the ceiling. Immediately the composer appeared, the audience burst out into thunders of applause, which lasted so long, that the object of them could not wait for them to end, but, taking his place at his desk, which was adorned with a gigantic laurel wreath, gave the signal for the band to begin. M. Offenbach and all the artists were called on three times at the conclusion of every act.

CATANIA.—The half bust of Pacini has been set up in the Giardino della Marina. It is the work of the Cavaliere Gio. Duprè. On the pedestal is the inscription: "A Giovanni Pacini. La Patria nel MDCCCLXXIII."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ONE great attraction at the Vienna Exhibition is the collection of photographs, representing the portraits of the great masters and some of their compositions. Among other works thus photographed are the "Ave Verum" of Mozart; the Sonata, Op. 81, of Beethoven; and "Die Forelle" of Schubert. The collection includes, also, Schubert's bust, and a picture of the house where he was born.

SPEAKING of the visit of the Shah, the Paris *Figaro* refers to the fête got up on the 24th September, 1866, in Paris, in honour of the Siamese Ambassadors. Lulli paid them a visit, and they made him stop to dinner with them. In the evening, they went to the Opera, and were received by Lulli at the doors. The entertainment consisted of the ballet of *Acis et Galatée*, in which there were no changes of scenes. The Ambassadors were informed that pieces of this kind were generally more splendid, but that *Acis et Galatée* had been written for a smaller building with limited resources, and was, therefore, more than usually simple. The first Ambassador replied courteously that "from the piece he saw he could easily form a notion of the magnificence of the others." The Ambassadors visited the Opera again for the purpose of hearing *Armida*. They had the plot explained, being especially anxious to know the charms which Armida employed to make Renato love her. One of them asked whether Armida was a Frenchwoman. On being informed that she was not, he observed: "If she had been, she would have needed no magic spells, for French women inspire love naturally."

A FEW evenings ago, a singer, not too frequently or too eagerly run after by the managers, was seated in one of the *cafés* at Milan. He was more melancholy and wretched even than usual. A friend tried to console him. "It is no good," he replied, "I feel so miserable that I would willingly give ten years of my life to die to-day." That singer must surely have had Milesian blood in his veins.

In his lectures "Upon German Composers, from S. Bach down to the present day," Emil Naumann cites some remarkable observations made by a Frenchman concerning *Der Freischütz*. They are contained in a book, published at Paris more than twenty years ago, when *Der Freischütz* was first produced there, exciting by its peculiar character a sensation among the public and press of the French capital. The patriotic author looked suspiciously at the opera with its huntsmen casting magic bullets, and afraid not even of the devil himself; he fancied that behind these huntsmen he could perceive a nation of such young blades, and attempted to warn his countrymen by pointing out with what sort of foe they would have to do, if they again felt inclined to attack a nation whose courage, defying danger, was unmistakably demonstrated by its national composer. With a correct presentiment of the distant events hanging over his country, he remarks, in words significant when uttered by a Frenchman:—"Weber portrays in *Der Freischütz* the free life of the German huntsman in his woods, together with his love for home, and the maiden with the true blue eyes to whom he has given his heart. To gain her he dreads neither death nor the devil. But such pictures of the German mind are not confined to *Der Freischütz*. The same fundamental national trait is to be found in the songs from Körner's *Leyer und Schwert*, set to music by Weber. In Lützow's *Wilde Jagd*, too, we find the same courage characterizing the German huntsmen. Only in the latter instance the rifle is not directed against a stag with an attire of sixteen horns, but against the enemies of the German people; and German contempt for death rises above devotion for one's bride to sacrifice for one's native land. Let us beware," he exclaims, "of again challenging these daring huntsmen, for we are the foes at whom Weber and Körner aim. One would imagine that listening to Weber's 'Wild Hunt' in *Der Freischütz*, or the choruses, 'Du Schwert an meiner Linken' and 'Was glänzt dort vom Walde im Sonnenschein,' would cure us of eagerness again to compel the Germans to engage in a war." "The foregoing," says a German paper, "would almost lead us to suppose that it was not the success of Prussian arms in 1866, but *Der Freischütz*, twenty years previously, which excited in the French patriotic misgivings, and inflicted a wound on their self-confidence."

THE Teatro Apollo, at Rome, opened on one occasion with Halévy's *Juive*, which, being badly executed, proved a half failure. It appears that certain people are scandalized that the Cardinal should be represented as having a daughter and as humiliating himself before a Jew. It must be owned that they have good reasons, because we know that there never was a Cardinal, or a Pope, but who had offspring, more or less legitimate. Even Mr. Spurgeon, who does not love the Roman Catholic Church too much, would not so misrepresent its dignitaries. Why does not some one alter the libretto, so as to make it accord with truth?

THE *Liuto* informed its readers lately that the *Mondo Artistico* had published a biography and portrait of Jules Janin in its numbers 24 and 25. Hereupon a writer in the *Trovatore* expresses his regret at not having seen this new style of portrait, half of which appeared in one number of the *Mondo* and half in another.

FROM Sir Sterndale Bennett's address at the late concert given by the Royal Academy of Music, it appears that the managers of that institution have had the firmness to resist the proposals made to them to remove to South Kensington, and to place themselves in immediate connection with the Albert Hall. It appears, too, that these proposals have been urged upon them with the pertinacity which seems to accompany all the proceedings of that mysterious region, for Sir Sterndale Bennett says that they have been made "from time to time." They have been refused on the ostensible ground that the accommodation offered was very little better than that which they now possess in Tenterden Street, and that the cost of moving would be considerable. What other reasons they may have had we do not pretend to guess, but we can well understand that they should entertain a wholesome dread of being converted into one of the "attractions" necessary to make the Albert Hall a paying concern. Who, indeed, are the real personages described by Sir Sterndale as "the authorities of the Royal Albert Hall," the public frequently speculates in vain. Only it has already leaked out that the musical portion of the Albert Hall speculation has this year proved a total failure, involving, as the published figures announce, some £3,000 or £4,000 of loss. It is now stated that the "School of Cookery," at South Kensington, on the success of which Mr. Cole dilated in glowing terms at Grosvenor House, is practically bankrupt, and does not pay its expenses; while if it does not pay them now, how will it pay them next month? However, the Academy of Music may be congratulated on its decision, and on its determination to have nothing to do with any such patronage. Its future success is entirely in its own hands.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

ITALIAN composers cannot certainly be accused of idleness. Within the first six months just elapsed of the present year, there have been, according to the *Gazzetta Musicale di Milano*, fifteen new Italian operas produced. They are: *Il Cuoco*, by Signor D'Arienzo, at Naples; *Caligola*, by Signor Braga, at Lisbon; *Il Conte di Benzeval*, by Signor Lucilla, at Ferrara; *Il Grillo del Focolare*, by Signor Galignani, at Genoa; *Fosca*, by Signor Gomez, at Milan; *La Forza del Denaro*, by Signor Scarrano, at Naples; *I quattro Conti*, by Signor D'Alesio Yorios, at Naples; *Marcellina*, by Signor Reghi, at Parma; *La Maledetta*, by Signor Petrucci, at Barletta; *L'Amore alla Prova*, by Signor Marchetti Fabio, at Turin; *Il Conte Verde*, by Signor Libani, at Rome; *Viola Pisani*, by Signor Perelli Edoarda, at Milan; *La Figlia di Domenico*, by Signor Alberti, at Naples; *Il Vindante*, by the Duca Giulio Litta, Milan; and *La Notte degli Schiaffi*, by Signor Venzano, at Genoa. How many of these will ever be known here?

BRUNSWICK.—The Methfessel-Monument lately inaugurated at Heckenbeck, was carried out, according to the plans of Herr Bohnsack, architect at Preissen, by Herr Prahmann of Gandersheim. It is surmounted by a cross and ornamented with a lyre. It is in the Greek style, and about 18 feet high. On it are the inscriptions: "Joh. Alb. Gottl. Methfessel, born at Staat-Ilm, the 6th October, 1785, died in this place the 3rd March, 1869," and: "To the Old Master of the Art of Song from German Singers."

ST. FRANCISCO.—Herr Wieniawski has been playing here with great success. He announced a second series of concerts at the conclusion of the first.—This city can now boast of a new theatre, Shiel's Opera-house. It is said to be a fine building, very handsomely decorated.

WAIFS.

Herr Ferdinand Ludwig has left London, for Frankfort, Stuttgart, &c., en route for Vienna.

Herr Winterhalter, the painter, died at Frankfort on the 8th ult., of typhus fever, in the 68th year of his age.

Der Postillon von Munchberg, a musical farce in three acts, by Messrs. Langer and Jacobsohn, has been produced at the Terrace Garden Theatre, New York.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

It was interesting to watch the preparations made in the Paris press for ensuring to a forthcoming work by Sardou and Offenbach a "crushing success." The authors themselves were not above lending a helping hand. Thus, in reply to an ingenious proposition from the proprietor of the *Figaro* to the effect that M. Sardou should write for that paper the notice of the poem, leaving to M. Offenbach the task of criticising the music, M. Sardou writes to say that there would have been more chance of M. de Villemessant's invitation being accepted if he had suggested that the librettist should undertake the eulogy of the music, the composer that of the libretto. Neither would be sufficiently audacious to sound the praise of his own part of the work, and it was too late to enter into the mutual glorification arrangement, which, moreover, ought to have been thought of by M. de Villemessant himself.

The rules as to the duties and salaries of the new members of the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral have been issued by the Dean and Chapter. The "Assistant Vicars Choral," by which title they are in future to be known, are to be elected by open competition, and are to receive salaries of 110*l.* while employed on probation for the first two years, and 130*l.* afterwards. Their engagements are to be terminated at the age of sixty, at which period a pension will be granted of 60*l.* per annum, or a capital sum of 525*l.* after 35 years' service; of 50*l.*, or 420*l.* after 30 years' service; and of 40*l.*, or 315*l.* after not less than 25 years' service. These pensions are all conditional on the payment by each assistant vicar choral of 2*l.* per cent. on every year's salary to the pension fund. If an assistant vicar choral leaves or dies before he is entitled to a pension, the sums paid by him to the fund will be returned without interest to him or to his representatives. No person is to be eligible for appointment who cannot produce a certificate of his having been a communicant member of the Church of England previous to his candidature. Attendance is required at the Morning and one of the Evening Services on Sundays and the high festivals, and at eight of the twelve ordinary Week-day Services. A fine of 5*s.* on week-days and of 10*s.* on Sundays will be imposed for non-attendance, such fines being paid over to the pension fund. The remainder of the rules relate to the employment of deputies, the holidays allowed, and other matters of detail.

It is curious to observe how apparently dead to good taste are the minds of such as have a hand in the arrangement of monster or sensational concerts now so much in fashion. The aim and object of concert-givers is apparently to make a huge noise. So long as the whole thing is on a gigantic scale, so long as the drums of the cars of the audience are dangerously threatened, so long as the orchestra and its appliances are of Brobdingnagian proportions, all that is needed is supposed to be given. Now this is very well, perhaps, for grand music of a triumphal or warlike character. A triumph-march or glorious chorus is the better in proportion to its strength. If a unison of effect can be maintained with the strength, and the space is enormous, then not so very much harm is done. The gates of Jericho once fell down at the noise of innumerable trumpets, and who knows but that some enterprising Barnum will blow the very roof off the Albert Hall with sheer noise properly applied. But when the craze for noise is taken out of its legitimate sphere we have every right to protest. Trumpets, drums, cornets, brass instruments, and horns were made for noise. It is their legitimate object. But when we hear of a sensation pianoforte concert, held at Vienna, the head-quarters of German musical æstheticism, we venture to protest against the folly of the undertaking. A pianoforte is not a sensation instrument, it never was intended for noise, but for delicate and elaborate effect. The man or woman who lets off fireworks on the pianoforte, who brings out the wood, who dashes and tears up the scale or down the scale, who tries to make the poor instrument more than its creator originally intended it, is simply and decidedly a nuisance. The piano will cause but little noise even with the loud pedal down. When we hear, therefore, of the simultaneous playing of forty-eight players on twenty-four pianos, we only regard it as a childish effort to attract the public by means not quite legitimate. There is nothing clever in the trick, and there is certainly nothing effective. Vienna is about the last place where one might have expected to hear of a musical sensation of this kind. Because Vienna starts an exhibition, and is full of visitors, there is no particular reason why Vienna should altogether lose her character for good taste.—*Guest*.

Recently, a popular actress, well known in London, died suddenly—Madame Thierret. After first playing in the provinces, Madame Thierret came to Paris and appeared at the Théâtre Français in 1832. She then took to burlesque, but went back to tragedy. One night, while playing in *Andromache* she fell and elicited such peals of laughter that she returned to low comedy. Since then Madame Thierret played at the Palais Royal and the Bouffes for many years, and was performing at the Menus-Plaisirs when she caught a violent cold which carried her off rapidly. It will be difficult, in her peculiar way, to replace her.

The "Symphonie Fantasia," by M. Devin-Duvivier, based on the themes in his opera *Deborah* ("The Highland Widow,") produced at the Opéra Lyrique in Paris, was executed under his direction at one of the Alexandra Park daily concerts on the 25th ult., and proves that the composer is a thorough master of all the varied resources of orchestration, and that he possesses, at the same time, the gift of melody. He has turned to account the skill of the players of wood instruments in solos for clarinet, oboe, and Cor Anglais. One portion of the fantasia is a *notturno*, which is really as ingenious in treatment as it is charming in effect. The composer was deservedly complimented with a call at the close of his scholarly and interesting work. A movement (*allegretto scherzando*) from his Symphony in G made a favourable impression at a former concert.—*Athenæum*.

ALEXANDRA PARK.—On Monday, August 4, the permanent orchestra of the Alexandra Palace gave their last concert in the new Garden Theatre, previous to the re-building of the palace, on which occasion the artists of this most excellent band of instrumental performers testified their appreciation of the ability and zeal of their talented conductor, Mr. H. Weist Hill, by presenting him with a very handsome ivory *bâton*, mounted with gold, and bearing the inscription: "Presented to Mr. H. W. Hill by the Orchestra of the Alexandra Palace, at a farewell concert, on the 4th of August, 1873." The business of the presentation took place in the banquetting hall, previous to the concert, when Mr. W. Watson (principal second violin), in discharging his duty as chairman, fully represented the feelings of the whole of the gentlemen of the orchestra in speaking of Mr. Hill being an honour to the profession to which he belonged; nor was his talent confined to instrumental performances, but equally patent to all who had heard the Alexandra Palace Choir, that he was master of the choral as well as instrumental department, which has been most wisely entrusted to him by the Alexandra Palace Company.

The programme of the concert to be given by the Liverpool Representative Choir at the Philharmonic Hall has been issued. In addition to the competitive pieces and Hatton's special part-song, "Going Away" (which is spoken of as an exceedingly pretty composition), there is a duet by the Misses Philipps, and a couple of songs by Miss Philipps. The St. Nicholas Anthem, which Sir John Goss is engaged in writing for the choir of the old church, will not be ready in time for the concert. Mr. J. L. Hatton is about to pay another compliment to the Representative Choristers by composing a *Jubilate* to match a *Te Deum* which is in favour at St. Nicholas's Church. Sir George Elvey has paid tribute to the excellence of the St. Nicholas Choir by offering appointments in the Chapel Royal to two of the trebles, named Percy Ashlin Hughes and Thomas Morris Jones. In connection with the practical success of the National Music Meetings, a movement is afoot for establishing a provincial competition at Liverpool to take place about February next, and the project being in the energetic hands of Mr. Willert Beale, its realization may be regarded as certain. There is no lack of musical talent in the district; all that is needed to bring it forth is money.

Signor Ronconi took the honours of the evening. Though the voice is nearly gone the magnificent method and genius shine brightly as of yore.

"Art is long and time is fleeting."

Even as with Mario, we felt the thrill of admiration at his incomparable schooling, though the grand organ was a wreck—so with Ronconi. Such perfection of tone-making, such wonderful breadth and finish of phrasing are now almost lost to the lyric stage. From the first note struck by this grand old artist, he took a firm grip of his audience, and they felt, with all his shortcomings of voice, that the genius and method were imperishable. His acting in the part of Antonio, the father, was admirable as a study of detail. The recitative at the close of the first act in the parting scene was a masterpiece of pathetic and expressive singing. His malediction in the second act, and the reconciliation in the *finale* were no less perfect examples of the fact that a great artist even in his decay will chain the sympathies of an audience. Ronconi's part in the opera could hardly have been bettered, and even his voice as it was in his best days would hardly have added to the effect produced, so powerful was his interpretation.—*New York Herald*.

Balfe's popular opera, *Satanella*, was played on Thursday, for the first time, at the Crystal Palace, and met with "triumphant" success. The famous "Power of Love" received complete justice from Miss Blanche Cole, and the other artists—Miss Annie Thirlwall, Miss Alice Barth, Messrs. George Perren, Corri, Tempest, &c.—did their utmost to contribute to the general effect of the opera. Mr. Manns conducted.

Miss Rose Hersée, who has recently returned from her highly successful operatic tour in the United States and Canada, has been engaged by M. Rivière, and will make her first appearance at his Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden Theatre on Saturday, the 23rd inst. Her engagement will conclude on Friday, the 29th inst., when she will sing in Haydn's *Creation*, which will be her last appearance in London this year, as she will, the following week, commence, in Manchester, a four months' engagement as principal soprano of M. Carl Rosa's opera company.

The morning papers published an advertisement the other day announcing that, "in compliance with instructions from the Lord Chamberlain's Office, Mr. Henry Corri's face was now whitewashed, so that he might be recognised as the Padishah Doo-Deen, but not as a more illustrious personage," when playing at the Opéra Comique in the Oriental drama, *Kissi-Kissi*. We should have imagined that the experience derived by Lord Sydney from his interference with *The Hoppo Land* would have prevented him from adopting a similar course in regard to any other piece. He must surely be aware that it is the most effectual way of attaining popularity and fixing public attention upon it. Indeed, the Lord Chamberlain's recent action suggests the question whether, while the Government has been "nobbling" the press, the drama has not been "nobbling" the Government. It is difficult to understand why Lord Sydney should go out of his way to give particular managers such opportunities of success, unless he has in some way or other been "got at" by them.

A "resurrection jubilee" was to be held at Chicago to celebrate the restoration of the city to its proportions prior to the conflagration. It is natural that the people of Chicago should feel elated at the restoration of their city; but that a conflagration should thus be made indirectly a matter of rejoicing shows how difficult it is when centenaries and bi-centenaries and commemorations have exhausted almost every possible excuse for festivity to find any plausible reason for banquets and revelings. So many cities and large buildings are now destroyed every year by fire that these "resurrection jubilees" are likely to become both frequent and popular. It is, however, worth consideration whether "preservation jubilees" might not be more satisfactory in the long run. If any city or large institution has the good fortune not to be burned down in the course of a twelvemonth, the insurance companies, on whom the principal loss of these conflagrations falls, might with advantage to themselves give a preservation jubilee to commemorate the unusual circumstance, at which medals and decorations should be freely distributed to all who have notably refrained from acts of carelessness they have had opportunities of committing which might have kindled a good blaze. Perhaps, one of these days, instead of either regrets or rejoicings we shall learn to feel heartily ashamed of large fires, and look upon them less in the light of unavoidable calamities than as evidences of imperfect arrangements and unpardonable recklessness in some quarter or another.

That the St. Médard, or French St. Swithin, went off well is a matter of congratulation, but had it not done so matters would not have been so desperate as they are in the case of rain falling on the anniversary of the Saxon saint. Should St. Barnaby fail in repairing the error committed by St. Médard—and two departments, the Meurthe and the Meuse, formally deny his power to do so, and contemptuously observe:—

St Médard, grand pleurard ;
St. Barnabé, s'y casse le nez—

there remains a *locus penitentiae* for the bad weather later on—namely, the St. Gervais, a fact vouched for by the proverb—

Quand il pleut à la St. Médard,
Il pleut quarante jours plus tard,
A moins que St. Gervais ne soit beau
Et ne tire St. Médard de l'eau.

But here a danger intervenes which rather neutralizes the advantage of St. Gervais's possible assistance.

Quand il pleut à la St. Gervais,
Il pleut quarante jours après.

So that a pluvius St. Gervais prolongs the mischief done by St. Médard, and, worse still, he may be followed by an unpropitious St. John (the Baptist), after which an indefinite period of wet weather may be expected:—

Pluie de St. Jean
Dure longtemps.

A new Jewish dramatic author has appeared in Paris in the person of M. Porto-Riche, whose drama, *Le Vertige*, is at present being performed at the Odéon.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

The primary idea of *Le Roi Carotte* is taken from Hoffmann's tale of the *Vermilion King*, so that "Carotte" would seem to be an epithet of colour, and not a moral epithet indicating the propensities of the monarch to whom it is applied.

What has become of the sun of French contemporary music, who shall say? Where is the successor of Auber? Who will weave us another such garland of melody as is presented in the *Gustave* ballet music? So fresh, so beautiful, and so varied, and set off with such workmanlike skill and yet inventive instrumentation. It is much to be regretted that the length of the concert, which this music terminated, prevented a large body of the audience from hearing it. They should be taught to estimate their loss by its repetition, under different circumstances.—*Globe*.

BAYREUTH.—The performance of Herr R. Wagner's *Nibelungen Tetralogy* at the National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre is again postponed for another year. If things go on at this rate, the production of this masterpiece of the Future bids fair not to take place till the present generation is a thing of the Past.

MUNICH.—It is reported that Mdle. Stehle, the popular *prima donna* at the Royal Opera, will shortly retire into private life, preparatory to marrying a North German nobleman.

BRUSSELS.—The Secretary of the Belgian Academy of Fine Arts has received twenty-seven manuscript quartets from competitors in the public Quartet Competition.

SALT LAKE CITY.—Madame Anna Bishop, with a company under her direction, has been giving a series of well-attended concerts to Brigham Young and his followers.

CAPE MAY (New Jersey).—Mdle. Liebhart is stopping here to recruit.

GENOA.—Signor Giovanni Rossi, of Parma, has been appointed conductor at the Carlo Felice in place of the late Signor Mariani.

NAPLES.—*Dinorah* has been produced with unusual success at the Teatro del Fondo.

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THOU GAVEST ME A FLOWER	3	0
HAPPY AS A WILD BIRD	3	0
THOU ANGEL OF MY DREAMS	3	0
FOLLOW ME GAILY	3	0
OVER THE OCEAN	3	0

VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

THAT EVENING (A Gondola song)	3	0
SAY, BIRD OF SUMMER	3	0
ANGEL MUSIC	4	0
THE MUSIC, MOTHER, OF THY VOICE	4	0
O, LET ME SLEEP	3	0

JOSEPH L. ROECKEL.

KATIE, MY QUEEN	4	0
THE OFT-TOLD TALE	4	0
LITTLE MAY (In C and D)	4	0
I STOOD ALONE (Recollection)	4	0

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